

# BUTTER FINGERS

Brightly

Words & Music by M.T. CANARY

Have you ev-er played ball when a kid — 'Gainst the kids down the street like I did? —

Rain, shine or mud, each <sup>side</sup> ~~one~~ played for blood, Quar-'ling and call-ing names of all sort O'era

ball and a bat; <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ an old glove at that: Those were the days of real sport. — I

nev-er won fame but I won me a name; Oh, how it ling-ers: "But-ter Fingers;"